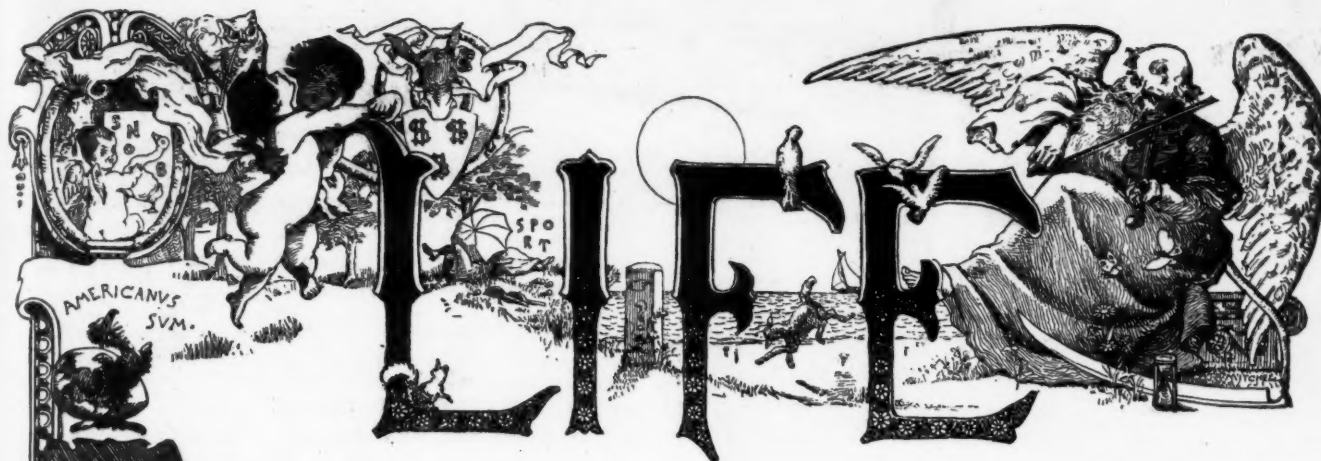


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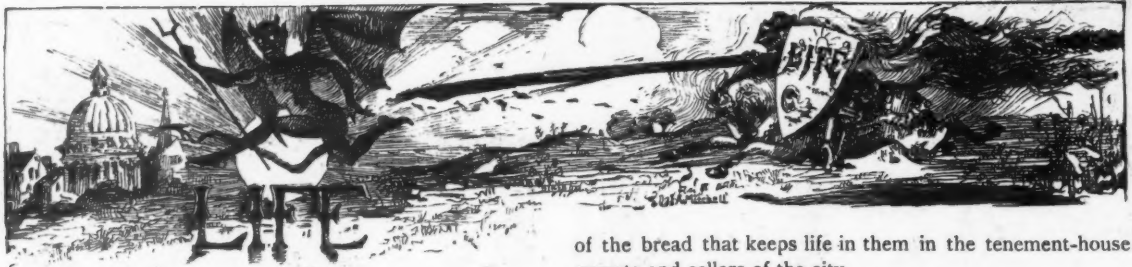


## A PROPER POINT OF VIEW.

*Madge:* MAMA, SOME OF THE GIRLS AT OUR SCHOOL HAVE THEIR OWN CARRIAGES SENT TO BRING THEM HOME.

*Mrs. R. (idly):* HOW DO YOU KNOW, DEAR?

*Madge:* OH, BECAUSE IT HAS THEIR OWN TRADE-MARK ON THE DOOR.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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Published every Thursday, \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, \$15.00; Vol. II., bound, \$10.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX., X. and XI., bound, or in flat numbers, at regular rates. Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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THAT doughty champion of the Religion of Humanity, Col. Bob Ingersoll, having downed the Rev. Dr. Field, the Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone and His Reverence Cardinal Newman, and—to use a figure of speech original with Mr. Pickwick's friend Smangle, of the Fleet Prison—bidden them not to presume to get up until he comes and kicks them, has now turned his attention to *les misérables* among us, who are bound down to lives of underpaid toil and dying of slow starvation in the slums. Colonel Ingersoll is wrought up to a high degree of indignation by the disclosures that have recently been published in the *World* concerning the "White Slaves" who labor from twelve to twenty hours per day for the mere pittance that keeps life in their bodies; and, while he bestows a great deal of choice invective upon the slave-drivers, he has no remedy to offer for existing conditions aside from a general recommendation to the capitalist to cultivate humanity—which the capitalist has no idea of doing, knowing well that should he forget himself so far he would probably cease to be a capitalist.

YET there are no new horrors related in the *World's* narrative, of cruelty, brutality and injustice. The incidents are the same that we are all familiar with, the detail is all that is changed; and we are only shocked anew because we realize that tragedies are being enacted so near to us. The Christian community was similarly shocked when "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London" was first published, and again a year or two later when Helen Campbell's "Prisoners of Poverty" appeared. It might have received the same shock from Government blue-books in London, or from the reports of our Labor Commissioners here, had it taken the trouble to read them. But the "Bitter Cry" created no reform in London, and the "Prisoners of Poverty" has had no perceptible effect upon the diminution of misery in New York. Neither will the disclosures the *World* makes elevate the condition of the wretched toilers who, by a sad paradox, are committing slow suicide for the price

of the bread that keeps life in them in the tenement-house garrets and cellars of the city.

SAYS Colonel Ingersoll:

"A good man is not happy as long as he knows that other good men and women suffer for raiment and for food, and have no roof but the sky, no home but the highway."

Nevertheless, men and women who consider themselves "good," and are so considered by others, are going to enjoy the celebration of the anniversary of the birth of Him who came to bring peace on earth and good-will to men, in spite of the fact that all about them in this great city, other good men and women—judged by the same standard as themselves—are suffering from cold and hunger, shivering in rags in the streets.

AND these conditions do not exist because mankind is a race of brutes, either. It is because man does not know how to remedy existing conditions—this being one of the problems that the finite mind cannot solve. We know that charity breeds pauperism whose only relief is charity, and the argument is brought about in a circle. The philanthropist knows that should he distribute a million of dollars among the "deserving poor," he would, by that act, take thrice that amount from the same class in what otherwise might have been attained by honest effort. The history of the race is that the man who cannot stand alone cannot stand at all, and the remedy resolves itself finally into the first principle of Americanism—individual effort as represented in individual sovereignty. Democracy is thus the true gospel of personal freedom and of the Religion of Humanity.

WHEN Tennyson wrote:

"Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns,"  
he did not build any better than he knew, but he built upon a better foundation than he knew. The government of, by and for, the people must widen the thoughts of men by force, and thus, as education gradually brings the employer and the employed nearer the same level, injustice will grow less in the same degree, for general culture tends to general benevolence. The increasing purpose that runs through the ages is the spirit of democracy; and when, generations hence, strife ceases among men, and there are no longer the inordinately rich or the wretchedly poor upon the face of the globe, at the coming of the Millennium, the framers of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution of the United States will be held in the estimation that is their due.

TO —



A SHORT week ago, and the ocean,  
Reflecting the sky's changeful hue,  
The diminutive world of a steamer,  
Bounded our lives as our view.

A short month ago, and the mountains,  
The lake lying deep in their breast,  
With sunlight and shadow reflected,  
Formed a haven of love, peace and rest.

But the infinite grandeur of ocean,  
The glory of mountain and lake,  
Seemed to me from one little being  
Their grandeur and glory to take.

And now the blue sky and the sunshine  
Illumine brick, mortar and stone;  
Law-books and law-papers surround me  
As I sit in my office alone.

While my thoughts drift away from  
the cases,  
And I wonder if ever again  
I shall see her by mountain or ocean,  
And say—what I dared not say then.

W. M. G.

#### AN EQUIVOCAL ADMISSION.

MAGISTRATE: I told you once before that you were going to the bad.

PRISONER: Yes. That's why I'm here!

THE inebriate has his ups and downs—hiccups and fall-downs.



#### A BITTER INSULT.

Monkey: SAY, RICARDO, HAVE YOU A STILETTO HANDY?

Ricardo: WHA' FOR YOU A WANTA STILETTO?

Monkey: WHY, THAT RED-HAIRED KID IS CRYING "HERE COMES ANOTHER MONKEY!" AND THAT IS AN INSULT TO MY FAMILY THAT CAN ONLY BE WIPED OUT IN BLOOD.

#### A DEEP AFFLICTION.

[Scene: The Whippersnapper Club. Enter Mr. Caddson, in deep mourning, with a band to the crown of his hat, and a black border to his shirt collar.]

OMNES: Hello, Cad! Who's dead?

CADDSON: It's the Duchess of Smothawband, bay Jawve!

OMNES: Bay Jawve!

CADDSON: Yaas, bay Jawve!

[Ten minutes of melancholy silence ensue, broken only by Mr. Caddson's convulsive sobs into a black handkerchief.]

FLOBBSON: But, bay Jawve, Cad, I didn't know you knew the Duchess, y' know.

CADDSON: Well, deah boy, I didn't exactly knaw haw, but I came ovaw in the next steamaw to the Dook once, in the next blessed statewoom to the one he had, bay Jawve! and had the same stewawd to wait on me.

[Dissolves in tears, while the club eyes him with admiration, not unmixed with envy.]

AN EXTINCT CRATER—The Plesiosaurus.

GREEN TEA—Credulitee.



DRESSED BEEF.





## A QUERY.

WHEN the statues wept tears in the temples at Rome  
And inspired the watchers with dread—  
As, at Caesar's demise, Virgil says that they did—  
Were they tears, idol tears, that they shed?

WILLIAM HENRY HURLBERT'S "Ireland Under Coercion" (Houghton) is the "diary of an American," but certainly not in accord with prevailing American sentiment on the Irish question. He reaches the conclusion that the processes employed during the past decade, and now employed to bring about an Irish Parliament, "are in their nature essentially revolutionary, subversive of all sound and healthy relations between man and man, inconsistent with social stability, and, therefore, with social progression with social peace." As for "Coercion," Mr. Hurlbert saw nothing of it. Perhaps he did not look for it very diligently.

NOW that Stanley is pronounced safe in the upper Niger, we desire to know the name of the White Pasha who has been gadding about Central Africa—not necessarily as a guarantee of good faith, but for publication.

A DAILY newspaper asserts that Mary Anderson has 300 wigs among her stage effects; and a burning question is, of course, does she know which is switch?

"LIFE"—INSURANCE—Sending in your subscriptions.

IT was an eloquent plea. The peroration was especially fine. "What," said the lawyer for the plaintiff, "will my client get at the bar of justice?" But its effect was somewhat spoiled when the defense suggested in a sarcastic voice that if the Colonel were to choose for himself he would probably select a whiskey cocktail.

NATURALLY enough, the English find the marriage of Joseph Chamberlain to an American woman more significant of the drift of popular taste than the previous matches with our countrywomen of several noble personages, because Mr. Chamberlain did not marry for money, while the others did, the commoner being rich and the noblemen poor. And Mr. Chamberlain's alliance with Miss Endicott is significant, and the precedent it establishes is causing the British mothers genuine alarm. Heretofore, the preference of the Briton for the American woman had been explained on financial grounds. Now there is every opportunity for the unendowed American beauty to win the flower of English manhood.

AND when the *London Times* comes to this conclusion:

"To be self-reliant and worldly wise, and yet to be truly womanly and a fitting shrine for the chivalry of men; to be independent without being 'loud'; to be maidenly and dainty without being helpless or affected; to lean upon man's strength without flopping; to sustain and help him without the assumption of any portion of masculine attire—this is a golden mean of womanhood which is perhaps more frequently attained at present in America than in England, where Mrs. Grundy, mistaking her duties, has striven long and too successfully to set a gulf between sense and sensibility. This severance is becoming a thing of the past, but the complete union of two qualities, each essential to perfection, is more frequently found in the New World than the Old"—

it is quite time for the British matron to become thoughtful. Perhaps if the English girls were sent over here to be taught American manners, they might be more successful at home.

IT appears that both the Senate and the House agreed in limiting the cost of the proposed Congressional Library Building to four millions of dollars. It is also conceded that the amount to be expended will not allow the erection of a building large enough to accommodate the library for more than fifteen or twenty years.

As the United States is a very diminutive and impoverished country this decision is doubtless a brilliant one.

Why is it that only those who are exceptionally unfit to pass upon such matters should be just the ones the American people invariably select for the purpose.

WE notice that a waterspout burst in Kentucky the other day. A waterspout that would go into business in Kentucky might expect to burst, with no assets.

## A MATTER OF LOCALITY.

COME, Fosdyck, I haven't received that hat yet."

"What hat?"

"Why, the hat I won, of course, on a bet."

"On a bet? Well, for gall, you take the palm!"

"Didn't we bet hats on the election?"

"Oh, yes, of course, the Presidential election. Well, who got it?"

"Who got it? Good heavens, man! where have you been the last three weeks?"

"Philadelphia."





THE ONE WHO CELEBRATES.

*Mrs. B.:* How is the contested will case coming on, Mr. Shimmer?

*Mr. Shimmer:* It's all settled, and in my favor.

*Mrs. B.:* I congratulate you. I suppose you will be taking your family to Europe now?

*Mr. Shimmer:* No, but I understand my lawyer sails next week.

AS far as it may concern the applicant for divorce, *his* Bridge of Sighs is a cantilever.

NOT THIS TIME.

YOUNG CHYNLANDER (*airing his knowledge of local celebrities*): And that fellow on the other side is Kid Miller, the well-known confidence man.

PHILADELPHIA FRIEND (*with freezing frostiness*): You will pardon my differing with you, but the gentleman you refer to happens to be my cousin, Mr. H. Baldhallader Penn, of Philadelphia.

THE TEST OF VERACITY.

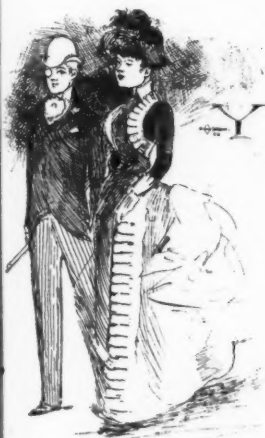
“DID you believe him when he swore he didn't do it?”  
“No. I didn't believe him until he offered to bet a ten.”

LATE IN THE SEASON.

OLD LADY (*to grocer's boy*): Them peaches look nice, boy, but some on 'em ain't very ripe.

BOY: That'll be all right, mum; you'll find 'em ripe enough when you get deeper.

PROHIBITION talked pretty loud in October, but since election its organ of speech has been a still, small Voice.



THE POET'S CORNER.



FROM TROUVILLE.

*Lady (to Young American who is bossing the play of some younger children):* HOW OLD ARE YOU?

*Young American:* EIGHT.

*Lady:* WHAT A NICE AGE!

*Young American:* NOT AT ALL! YOU'RE TOO YOUNG FOR PIES AND GRAVY AND SAUCES, AND TOO OLD FOR PAP AND PANADA, AND—IT'S A NUISANCE!



## ORACLES AND CRITICS.

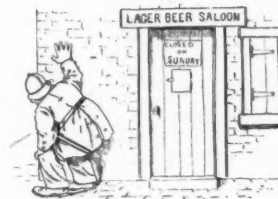
THE second volume of Prof. Charles F. Richardson's painstaking review of "American Literature, 1607-1885," has just been published by Putnams. It treats of poetry and fiction, and is of considerable value as a record of wide scope, but is weak upon its critical side. The judgments are made in an unprejudiced way, but are not acute enough to be interesting. A huge undertaking such as this should be the work of a man who could show breadth of learning, insight, wit and satire upon every critical page. A dreary procession of *ex-cathedra* judgments, revealing no other standard of criticism than the author's personal feelings, is neither entertaining nor instructive.

In the higher criticism the intelligent reader demands the comparative method: he must see qualities in modern books matched with similar traits in acknowledged classics, so that he may himself take a part in the process of making an accurate judgment. He has passed the period when he can accept the oracular utterances of a critic as infallible, just as within a decade he has ceased to believe that the office of a priest or preacher necessarily endows him with any unusual authority in matters of faith and practice. In a word, priest and critic can only wield authority through fulness of knowledge.

IT is, surely, only by the exercise of great faith in Professor Richardson's direct inspiration from Parnassus that one can accept without dispute judgments such as these:

"Hawthorne was a *pioneer and master* of that literary method which, under the name of *realism*, has so strongly affected the fiction of the latter part of the nineteenth century."

THE THIRSTY POLICEMAN,  
THE WICKED TRAMP AND  
THE EVER-WATCHFUL  
CAPTAIN.



**MORE THAN LIKELY.**

**H**ORTENSE: What an awful squeeze there was at the Von Twiller reception last night!

GRACE: Yes; George and I had to sit outside, on the stairs.

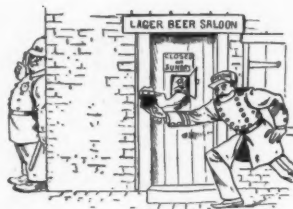
HORTENSE: Did the squeeze continue out there?

**I**T is quite proper to say of a newly-elected sheriff that he is learning the ropes.

**E**VERY cloud has a silver lining, except a cloud of dust.

**D**OWN AND OUT—The empty pillow-case.

**N**OT HALF BAD—The devil.



"We may call Mr. James a faultless photographer in the 'Daisy Miller' class of his stories, but not an artist. He is at best a French painter in fiction, not a master in the older and larger and better manner."

"Howells distinctly changed his manner and manifestly fell under the influence of Henry James, his junior in years, and certainly not his superior in ability, reputation, or mastery of style."

**C**HARLES DUDLEY WARNER has become confirmed in the habit of writing bright sketches of travel, as any one may discover by reading "On Horseback" (Houghton). There are, however, drawbacks to even the best of habits: one may habitually look at life in a pleasantly humorous way, and miss a great deal that is valuable and entertaining in it. For instance, it is a fair supposition that a horseback ride through the mountains of Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee might yield better literary material than a record (even though "pleasantly humorous") of unsavory meals, dusty roads, disagreeable people, and hard beds. No doubt these were continually present to the senses of the travelers, and were the frequent occasions of jest and satire, but they were not the main object of the excursion, and might have been taken for granted after the record of the first day. The trip up Mitchell Mountain is the sort of exhilaration that the reader expects to get from sketches of mountain travel.

*Droch.*

**NEW BOOKS**

**KATHLEEN.** A Novel. By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.  
*Marching Through Georgia.* Illustrated. By Henry C. Work. Boston: Ticknor & Co.  
*Nelly Was a Lady.* Illustrated. By Stephen Collins Foster. Boston: Ticknor & Co.  
*Better Times.* Stories by the author of "Margaret Kent." Boston: Ticknor & Co.  
*The Sailor Boys of '61.* By James Russell Soley. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.  
*On Horseback in Virginia, etc.* By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
*The Critical Period of American History, 1783-1789.* By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
*Good Things of Life.* Fifth Series. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Brother.  
*The Professor's Sister.* By Julian Hawthorne. Chicago, New York and San Francisco: Belford, Clarke & Co.  
*Under the Maples.* By Walter N. Hinman. Chicago, New York and San Francisco: Belford, Clarke & Co.  
*Divided Lives.* By Edgar Fawcett. Chicago, New York and San Francisco: Belford, Clarke & Co.  
*First Harvests.* By F. J. Stimson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.  
*Counter Currents.* Boston: Roberts Brothers.  
*The Pilgrim's Scrip.* By George Meredith. Boston: Roberts Brothers.  
*The Man Without a Country.* By Edward Everett Hale. Illustrated by F. T. Merrill. Boston: Roberts Brothers.  
*The Thoughts of the Emperor.* M. Aurelius Antonius. Translated by George Long. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
*Three Greek Children.* By the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
*American Literature, 1607-1885.* In two volumes. Vol. II. By Charles F. Richardson. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
*Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.* Parts XXVII. and XXVIII. New York: The Century Co.  
*Nye and Riley's Railway Guide.* Chicago: The Dearborn Publishing Co.  
*Old and New World Lyrics.* By Clinton Scollard. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Brother.  
*Songs of Toil.* By Carmen Sylva. Translated by John Eliot Bowen. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Brother.

**A SEASON FOR ALL THINGS.**

**M**R. SCHUYLER VAN ONTWERP (*in surprise*): Why, I thought you knew Mr. Mushroom?

MISS ANASTASIA HOLLAND: Oh, dear, no!

MR. SCHUYLER VAN ONTWERP: But, surely, last summer I saw you boating and driving with him at Bar Harbor. It was even rumored that you had accepted him.

MISS ANASTASIA HOLLAND (*petulantly*): Yes-yes, I know! But will you kindly understand that we were on boating and driving terms only.



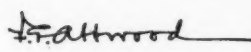




A SOUVENIR OF SACKVILLE TH

LORD SACKVILLE: HA!





VILLE: HA! I AM AVENGED!

[Exit hastily. Quick curtain.]



### THE LITTLE LORD.

**I**S your child, my dear madame, an underbred cub with the manners of a boor or the sniveling propensities of a juvenile cad?

Certainly not, and it is impertinence to suggest such a thing.

Mrs. A's offspring may be disagreeable in various ways, and Mrs. B's a parcel of whining brats, but your own dear cherub, even if somewhat annoying at times, is no more of a nuisance than others of his years.

Nevertheless, take the cherub to see "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Don't send him with some one else, but take him yourself. You will both enjoy the play, for there is as much pleasure in it for adults as for children. More than that, you may both imbibe from the little boy in the play, foundations for an ideal, the contemplation of which will do you both—mother and child—much good.

Don't fear that you are going to have held up for your imitation a mere Sunday-school boy. Mrs. Burnett has managed to steer clear of that pious and revolting model, and at the same time give us a thoroughly good boy. *Fauntleroy* is also a "mother's boy," but not of the namby-pamby sort—a "mother's boy" that every father as well as every mother would be glad to own.

You will doubtless say to yourself that it is easier to create such children on the stage and in books than in real life. It may also strike you that *Fauntleroy* is an impossible creation in this wicked world, where there exists such strong affinity between boys and dirt, and where dogs' tails seem especially adapted for the attachment of tin cans. Nevertheless, it will not hurt you and several other American mothers to try to approximate *Fauntleroy* in at least the manners of your respective cherubs. They need not lose their manliness thereby. Because sturdiness in a youngster is a thing to be admired, it does not necessarily follow that grace is a thing to be despised.

The management of the Broadway Theatre has mounted Mrs. Burnett's play handsomely, and given it a cast which, with one or two exceptions, is excellent.

Elsie Russell makes *Lord Fauntleroy* as winsome a little gentleman as ever lived, in or out of fiction. Her rare intelligence makes possible a realization of the character which must bring joy to the dramatist's heart as it does tears to the eyes and smiles to the faces of her auditors. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is a pure and healthy play, good for the cause of the drama, and good for the people who witness it.

*Metcalfe.*

### A SURPRISING OCCURRENCE.

**CUSTOMER** (*to waiter*): I say, waiter, confound you, there's a fly in this soup!

**WAITER** (*amazed*): Well, I do decla', ef it yain't surprisin'! Eberything seems to be gittin' in de soup nowadays.

### POOR TREATMENT.

**C**OUSIN ALICE (*in Academy of Design*): I was just admiring your picture, Byzantine. Its theme, color and treatment are absolutely perfect.

**BYZANTINE SMITH** (*bitterly*): I don't think much of its treatment. Look where they've hung it!

### WHY HE SUFFERED.

**OLD GENTLEMAN** (*bestowing a trifle*): Poor fellow! What has brought you to this condition of suffering?

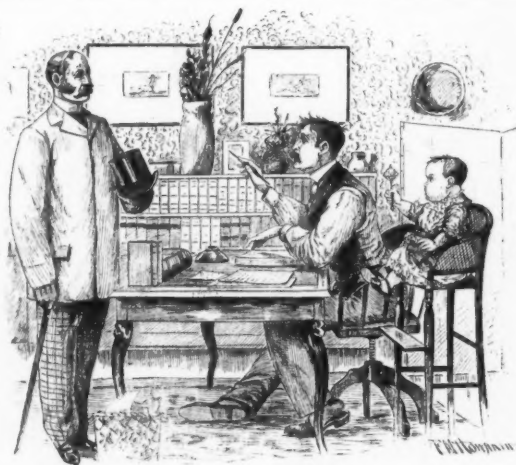
**TRAMP**: Timperance, sor.

**OLD GENTLEMAN**: Temperance?

**TRAMP**: Yis, sor; Oi've done nothing all day but sit in the Park and dhrink water; but wid the help av your honor's quarther, Oi'll be a new man in a few minutes.

**"T**HERE'S nothing like a little polish to conceal the defects of one's understanding," remarked Jack Borrowit, as he took up his worn-out shoes and proceeded to save a nickel by personal exertion.

**Y**OU can't get an insurance agent to admit that honesty is the best policy.



### ASSISTANCE, NOT ANNOYANCE.

**Friend**: HEAVENS, BAGLEY! HOW CAN YOU WRITE WITH THAT BABY'S UNINTELLIGIBLE PRATTLE RINGING IN YOUR EARS?

**Bagley**: DON'T DISTURB US, DOBSON. I'M WRITING A DIALECT STORY AND THE BABY IS FURNISHING THE LANGUAGE.



### REFLECTIONS.

OUR old friend, the Springfield *Republican*, has been reading Mr. Stevenson's Christmas sermon in *Scribner's*, and announces that that delightful storyteller "has no essential standard in life, no real faith, and especially no hope." "His gospel," it says—

"is summed up in saying that all roads lead to failure, and on the way let us not be inconsistent in conduct, but get along as good-naturedly as may be with what must in any case be a disappointing, dissatisfying, and finally futile existence."

Our pessimistic contemporary from Massachusetts seems to be taking a needlessly hopeless view of Mr. Stevenson. In considering what he has written about life on Earth, it seems to regard it as spoken of all existence. It is life *here* that Mr. Stevenson finds unsatisfying, and he remarks on the inadequacy of mundane results with-

out prejudice to the possibilities of existence after death. Let him speak for himself. He writes:

"Life is not designed to minister to a man's vanity. . . . Full of rewards and pleasures as it is—so that to see the day break or the moon rise, or to meet a friend, or to hear the dinner-call when he is hungry, fills him with surprising joys—this world is yet for him no abiding city."

Mr. Stevenson is right. Life *is* unsatisfying. It isn't a glittering success even to fools, much less to wise men. Where has our Massachusetts brother been "stopping" all these years not to have found that out?

"Though thrice a thousand years are past  
Since David's son, the sad and splendid,  
The weary King-Ecclesiast,  
Upon his awful tablets penned it,"

Our contemporary seems to have missed the news of which the familiar headline runs "Vanitas, vanitatum."

\* \* \*

**A** LAS, it has ever been thus with the valued *Republican*! Speaking very nearly six years ago on a kindred subject, it observed:

"LIFE is the ambitious title of the newspaper of satire and social observance started in New York. . . . LIFE is not smart at all,

### A MATTER OF ETIQUETTE.

MRS. G— MET A BEGGAR IN THE STREET, AND WAS MOVED TO HELP HIM.  
"HERE'S MY CARD," SHE SAID. "IF YOU'LL CALL AT MY HOUSE, I'LL GIVE YOU SOME CLOTHES."  
HE FAILED TO PUT IN AN APPEARANCE; BUT A DAY OR TWO LATER SHE CHANCED TO SEE HIM AGAIN, AND ASKED:



"WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL?"

"INDADE, MUM, BUT YOUR CARD DO SAY 'THURSDAYS!'"



and has no good reason for being. . . . We cannot see where the room is for such a thing as LIFE."

Now, as of old, the world is full of things that the Springfield *Republican* can't see, and LIFE is happy to be among them.

AS for Mr. Stevenson, because his printed speculations do not extend beyond that barrier called Death is hardly a good reason for calling him hopeless. His intense appreciation of the incompetency of life on Earth would seem but the preface to an irresistible conclusion that there is more to follow after the barrier is past. To understand life as it is, is, it seems to us, to have gone three-quarters of the way toward a confident perception of the life that is to be. Once we get a realizing notion of what we are heading for, our course becomes intelligible, and it would naturally follow that the study of existing charts would become a thing of vital interest.

Mr. Stevenson's sermon was a true sermon, though a sermon of the wilderness, perhaps, rather than of the mount. A drawback to this holiday month is that it sees him step down from his twelvemonths' pulpit.

"NOT a Bob-Tail Left!" was a recent triumphal headline in a New York journal. Is it true? How about those "Tuxedo" tailless dress-coats! Did they ever exist, and do they exist still? If they are only a theory they may be endured, but as a condition they would be intolerable.



THE Hempstead sportsmen may course rabbits when they will, and the law won't hinder them. But if a mob of rabbits should catch a Hempstead sportsman out without his dogs and make meat of him, he and his friends need expect no sympathy. Let it be a fair field between Bunny and Belmont, and no favor.

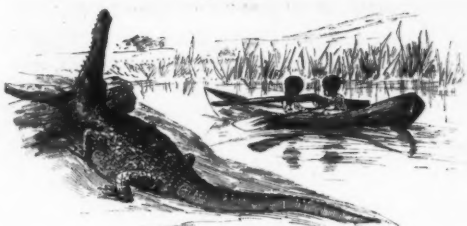
COLONEL SHEPARD was never funnier than the other day when he declared war on the Democratic party. It is surprising that so able a publisher as Major Arkell, of the *Judge*, does not engage Colonel Shepard as a space-writer.

The Colonel's ultimatum had the amusing effect of putting a new pair of legs under one of the old Commodore Vanderbilt stories and sending it around to make another bow to all the company.

HARVARD undergraduates, being reproached for their 'delinquencies in athletics, reply that it is their own Faculty that beats them by restrictive legislation.

Why do they not avenge themselves by refusing for a time to meddle with intercollegiate sports altogether? It

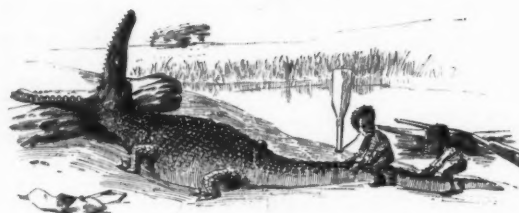
#### A TALE OF THE SOUTH.



THE GUN HAS NO LOCK, BUT ONE OF THE NAVIGATORS HAS AN IDEA.



THEY ADJUST THE CARTRIDGES



AND AWAIT THE RESULT.

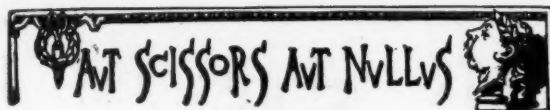


THE RESULT.

would be interesting to see how long an American university could worry along without a nine, a crew, or an eleven. If Harvard could stand the deprivation long enough to scare off her rich dudes, she might find the innovation largely remunerative.

E. S. M.





ANTI-CLIMAX.

BREATHLESS the audience sat ;  
Dozens of women were crying ;  
The cruel Moor had done his worst,  
And Desdemona was dying.  
How beautifully she died !  
One last fond look at her lover,  
Then the blue eyes closed on his swarthy face,  
As he wrathfully stood above her.  
A silence that could be felt  
Followed—it really was freezing !  
Then—a ripple of laughter stirred the house,  
For Desdemona was sneezing !

The Moor was in earnest now—  
His face made a darkness round it ;  
But no one but Desdemona heard  
His low, intense "Confound it !"  
—Margaret Vandegrift, in *The Century*.

O MAIDEN! does he love another? O Youth! has she rejected  
you? What does it matter? The Christmas number of LIFE is now  
out to tickle your nerves and warm your heart!

It is a go-as-you-please race between Wit, Art, Satire and Fun  
through the columns of LIFE's Christmas number.

A VIOLINIST was playing over a piece of music with his man-ser-  
vant, who had been the public fiddler in his native village, and when  
they had finished, he said to him: "You handle your bow very fairly,  
but you are always a beat behind; how is that?"  
"Monsieur, it is out of respect."—*Le Gaulois*.

YOU cannot live forever. Be merry while you may. The Christ-  
mas number of LIFE is a spree in itself, wit, satire, fun, all sparkling  
with illustrations.

"LE SPORTSMAN" (*clinging to neck of hunter*): Hi! Hi!!  
Stop ze chasse! I tomble—I faloff! Stop ze fox!!!—*Punch*.

THE Christmas number of LIFE is now ready; 36 pages sparkling  
with illustrations.

STREET-CAR CONDUCTOR (*politely, to stout party*): Would you  
mind standing up, sir? There's three ladies on the platform as  
would like your seat.—*Toronto Grip*.

IF you are addicted to Wit, Fun, Pictures, or a Joyful Spirit, do  
not miss the Christmas number of LIFE.

OLD HEAVYWEIGHT (*looking over the Yell College account*):  
Bless my soul! Twenty-two hundred dollars! Jack, this won't do!

YOUNG HEAVYWEIGHT: Quite the correct thing, Governor.

OLD HEAVYWEIGHT: But I don't understand why two-thirds of  
your expenses should be put down as extras.

YOUNG HEAVYWEIGHT: That includes surgeon's fees after the  
football match and the regular police fines. You'll find that the  
charges are not exorbitant, sir.—*Drake's Magazine*.

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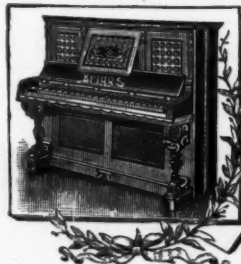
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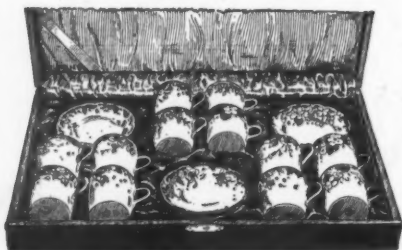
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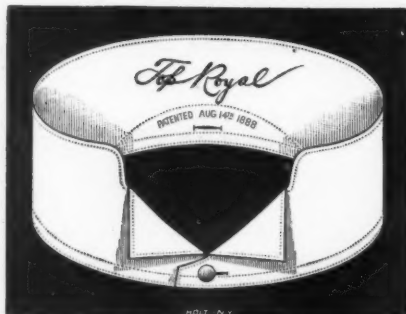
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